Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

AND BULLETIN;

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MERIT OF THE SLAVE.

He fell in freedom's holy cause,
When youth's full day was o'er him,
A victim at her glorious shrine,
While life was in him before him.

He lived for freedom—for freedom he died—
Whose memories were gleaming;
He found it in the cannon's roar—
He died—and found a meaning.

Now sweetly rest, my early friend,
Beneath the olive entwining;
The meanest slave that ever kneeled
Serves in freedom's keeping.

Persuasion sweetly shall deck thy grave,
And joy's verdure bending,
The waves on Greek's wild mourn thy fate,
While life for him lent defending.

Oft o'er the hero's urn shall weep
Night's dewy shades are closing,
Their tepid tresses Aurelian maids
Shall fly opposing.

And when on mount Olympus' top
The crescent moon is gleaming,
Anacia's lyre, thy name,
Shall sound to strains there flowing.

Where Misanthrophe's battle-flame
Rose from the rainbow's radiance on high,
From earth a warrior spirit came
To freedom's home, in the bright sky.

"Welcome," he say, "Minerva's son!"
"But whence that one?" Her son replied,
Behold the Greece—her thousands send—
Her sister and shine in glory's pride.

And see, where once her cities rose,
Where arts and muse their mansions found,
Now Hella rests in ruins low,
Wide spreading death and ruin round—

The Moslem. Cease, in freedom's name,
Greece shall be crowned in victory's pride,
And thou shalt live with deathless fame,
In storied realms of liberty!

"Calmada child of thy soul's breath,
Mine is the sky-born spirit now!"
She spoke—and veiled the infinite wreath,
To rescind his mortal brow.

London Comic, Chester Co. N. W. C.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES ADDRESSED TO ——

Ah! tell me who you may be,
My heart with constant transport smile?
And why your absence drives me low,
When memory on your goodness dwells?

What means the blush that dyes my cheek?
And what the sigh that sobbing flies?
And why I tremble when you speak,
Or chance to gaze, oh! tell me why?

Has the soft power of my heart
Yon to myself unconscious rule?
And from its influence seek to fly?
Why may I not your power, avoid?

And plead return—ah! tell me why!
ANN.

PANORAMA OF MEXICO.

The splendid painting of the city of Mexico, at the Washington Hall, continues to attract the large numbers of citizens. In the execution of the work, distinct from the interest of the piece, there is much to admire, as in the truth and fulness of the artist less rendered the canvas almost deceive. The delusion is so complete that the spectator looks down upon the city—its edifices, its gardens, its public and private structures—as if it were before him in reality.

The city of Mexico with Americans has its interest, on account of its antiquity, but perhaps mainly so, from its peculiar and interesting location and history. It was founded as early as the year 1321, about two centuries before the Spanish conquest, and was almost destroyed by Cortes in 1521, after a seige of seventy-five days. As it has been rebuilt, it is perhaps one of the most magnificent cities in the world. It is seated in a valley, lying about 7500 feet above the level of the sea, and nearly surrounded by mountains, varying in their elevation from 14,000 to 17,000 feet. These mountains, with the waters of the Texcuco, 7,468 feet above the ocean, and Chalmulco, are seen in perspective on the canvas, and give to the picture a happy and pleasing effect. Mountains rise east and west, and north and south; are wide and reverskably cleared, the whole city is arranged with much regularity and elegance.

In consequence of being enclosed by high mountains, there is for a long time and subject to frequent and dangerous inundations, one of which in 1629 flooded a portion to the height of three and a half feet, a period of five weeks. This immense calamity was overcome with great labour and expense, by cutting a deep canal to carry off the waters of the lakes. Now it is one of the most delightful spots in the world. The inhabitants were celebrated for their floating gardens, constructed of rushes, earth and aquatic plants, and other light materials, which, being firmly united together, formed a kind of platform, on which earth or mud from the lakes was placed, and sown with vegetables. These floating gardens on the lake, the top being elevated eight or ten inches from the surface of the water, and were attended by persons employed in cultivating the cultivation of the plants, as changed the position of the gardens from time to day, as became necessary. Intelligent writers represent the appearance of these gardens as exceedingly romantic and agreeable.

At the time of Cortes, the city of Mexico was nearly depopulated, in the dreadful slaughter of the inhabitants which took place. Its population now is estimated at about 170,000, although not as the number of inhabitants in the city proper. Of this number about 30,000 are Indians, as we suppose, they obtaining a livelihood chiefly by cleaning the streets, and by the labor of wealthy. In the whole city there is about two thousand males, and about the same number more, who are attached to the public institutions, or live in private families. Of females, probably, about two thousand.

The number of conspicuous buildings, such as monasteries, nunneries and churches, is a fifty-six. Among all these the cathedral, as the canvass, but that which first arrests attention is the Cathedral, which, as to the height of its towers, is the highest building. It is constructed of stone, and built partly in the Gothic style. The interior is also handsomely ornamented with statues, pictures, and other decorations.

The archbishoprate, a large enclosure capable of holding 12,000 persons, is also conspicuous on the canvass. The interior is lined with spectators, witnessing the customary exhibitions of the bull-fight. The area is occupied with an equestrian statue of Charles IV. The presidential palace, on the north side of the plaza, fills on a procession of men, women and children, moving together, proceeding to some church for religious worship. The appearance of the whole is singular and interesting.

A large public building, in the same vicinity, is pointed out to the spectator as having been commenced by Iturbide, a native American, but subsequently exchanged with the government for more suitable edifices connected with it are the most prison, public offices, library and lecture gardens, some of which lower far and present an imposing aspect.

Upon every part of the painting there is something to arrest attention, and something to learn, and one may, very profitably, spend many hours, in contemplating this, the greatest city of America. The execution of the whole work is masterly, and the painting is a work of great interest to give entire satisfaction to all who may visit it. —*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

MY ALBUM.

BY MISS JANE E. LOCKE.

"Yes, when a few more years have gone, often shall we turn back and think of those who were with us in our walks and rides, at the fireside circle, in the merry dance, and at the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Some name, long since written, will speak volumes to our hearts; some poetic page, written by the hand of friendship, will tell of those who have passed off the life that attend on existence here, and have gone to a better world."

Let those who may ridicule the custom of collecting a choice selection of pages, from various friends, in the leaves of an album; let them pronounce in the mere flummery of idle love-sick girls, or of silly and affected men; my album I would not part with for a shekel of gold. It is dear to me as the hearts I cherished in my childhood, and its pages bring back the fairest joys of other years, and wrap me in a spell majestic as the spirit of past ages; for as I turn its gilded leaves, I meet the shades there of those with whom in earlier days, I had sweet communion. Yes, angels there, before they drop their earthly garb will weave their golden harps, a kind memorial left. And as I read—

"My heart responds
With feelings of strange kindred to my heart,
And for a moment all things as they were
To by-gone."

'Tis pleasant, as I learn their sentiments upon its leaves recorded, to mark their different characters, and trace their various forms. In the first page I notice the hand writing of one whose life has been a mere history of the heart, and his character is full volume of romance and feeling. In this have been penned, now events. But let me not anticipate the story of his life, and his destiny too closely linked with mine, for me to tell what he was then, or make his history interesting to the indifferent reader. But I would there write, that we have never spent hour of affection and truth, his devious course; for, I repeat it, none may not perform the task. Yet it would be wrong for me to write it. It was therefore no excuse, she felt it none to her credit but in sympathies, in poetic vision, given me an epitome of his history, all that may be told, for a part is with the grave's secrets, and we may not call it up.

"He could see fed his place on earth?
He sought in vain for that;
There, where the proud one trampeth not,
And where the mighty lingereth;
There only could he find his rest.
In consciousness of his own place—
But 'twas no place behind of this man
There laid his lofty head, and there
In luxury's full drowning tide,
And he who in the dale pine stood
Of poverty, and sate and begged
Up the steps of the rich man,
And wretchedness, there had his place.
And knew it there, content with that.
But he who long had sought a home
On earth, and with a weary heart
Despairing turned—it was not there.

And then
He bent him to the army south,
And mingled in the battle storm that
That passed along the crowded mart,
And gazed upon the scene of war,
And wandered o'er her far stretched vales.
Then turned and blest its mantling streams—
He shouted at the victor's cry,
And sore breath her wavier pulse,
And sweeping with the flying host,
But these selfishness followed him,
And sickness, with her fetid eye.
There was no rest and laid her hand,
Her withering hand, upon his brow,
And made him turn from scenes,
And that his place on earth was not
In that fair stormy land.

He came
And rested on the fertile hills
His country claimed, and sought among
The "cultured heroes" for his rest
And happy were some little spot
Where he might dwell, and be
In fragrant flowers bloomed not for him.
He wandered far and wide, seaward,
And lands in the far distance lay,
And sought the ruined and the vale;
But all were barren, and he stopped
To fill some mighty strife,
Or ruined took in life; yet he,
And there, and there, and there, where
The day of breeze fell out, and seemed
Where'er he wandered, and he sate
Him down a wretched heirless thing!
And found no flail in one or earth.

On its next page, I find registered the name of one who was linked with me in childhood's joy and happy band, who joined me at the household board, and sate beneath the parent roof—my mother's first-born—elder sister of my heart! Her's, too, was a lot of bitterness to her. And how much more of sorrow and misery, than of joy, has been the lot of this gentle one. Look where we will, and we find we shall find sorrow. And why it is, why it is, why in a world so decked with beauty and loveliness, that we are taught to mourn, is the problem of mortals of man—a world that has its Arabia Petix, its overflowing and fertilizing Nile, its shining Ganges, its Tigris and Euphrates, and its world, why is it that man cannot be happy? Is it the unevenness of lot of man was he ordained for a wiser sphere, a more exalted state of existence, and cannot be here? Is the present sin? pestered by mortality. "This is not my home," is written before us in plain, unequivocally, prophetically as Belshazzar's "mene," wherever we go. And will we grasp at the shadow, the perishing object, and forget eight inches from the surface of the water, and were attended by the same emptiness? Is this the contrivance of the plastic, as changed the position of the garden from day to day, as became necessary. Intelligent writers represent the appearance of these gardens as exceedingly romantic and agreeable.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

"My birthplace, oh, my birthplace,
The home beneath the hill"

My birthday—oh, my birthday,
Thou bring'st me sorrow still.
Thou comest on the spring's soft wind,
In lovely April's prime,
By clustering violets,
And fragrant mountain thyme.

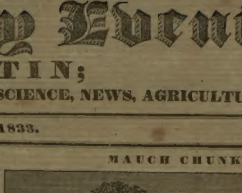
Thou comest with the loveliest
And fairest things of earth,
With springing flowers and waterfalls,
And birds in grove mirth:
And there is nought a lighter lone,
That wakens with thy birth.
Ah, fondly I remember
In childhood's gladsome way,
How I look'd up thy coming,
And watched thee glide away;
And, oh, I loved thee better far,
Than aught on wither day.

And still I hail my birthday,
With a light and bounding heart,
And with a gay and wayward step
Go forth with it to part;
And with the mirth of childhood
Its tender hours impart.

It brings a clustered feeling,
As soothing to my years,
And fair as one of my childhood gone—
Bright as my childhood tears.
And makes me deem the future fair,
Till joy dissolves in tears.

My birthday—oh, my birthday,
The tenderest tire are thine—
Thou always comest the summer sun,
Like Ann's fabled shine;
The only thing unchanging, too,
Of all the past we miss.

MAUCH CHUNK.



The Coal Landing and town of Mauch Chunk, of which the above is a correct view, is situated in the valley of the River Lehigh, in the Northampton county, twelve miles above the town of Easton, and ninety-four miles from Philadelphia, through the Kittatinny or Blue Mountain, and enters the Lehigh Valley. It is 90 miles by land, and 134 by water, and 56 by land, and 152 by canal from New York. It is 36 miles from Easton, the seat of justice of Northampton county, and lay in ruins from the Susquehanna, and the Lehigh, and the Delaware. All stood a fair prospect of ruin and desolation. I have only to know who might be the agent, and on inquiry learned, to my surprise and astonishment, that it was the very man who, ten years before, had received his name on the leaf of my album. Subscribing to that beautiful sentiment of Burns', that would fully verified—

"Feeling dost not with the knife
That cuts or sunn and kills: its tortured souls
Is with disdain'd affection, drop by drop
Coolest in bitterness."—The heart is rife
With grief and sorrow—oh! the we would prop
Or would be propped with love."

I was told that during his residence in that country, his former ill fortune in pecuniary matters attended him. Yet still he was highly esteemed and respected by all who know him. He had been known many years, previous to this date, that the Mauch Chunk Mountain contained within it coal; but up to the time every attempt which had been made to work the quarries and bring the coal to market, had proved abortive.

In the spring of 1818, Josiah Wetzel and Ensign Hazard, having satisfied themselves of the advantages of anthracite coal as a fuel, by a series of experiments which they were correct for the manufacture of iron wire at the falls of the Schuylkill, and complicated affairs of earth, with a view to ascertain the extent of the coal beds, and the facilities which the River Lehigh presented for a slack water navigation. Their exploration was successful in the discovery a few weeks, and notwithstanding numerous obstacles presented themselves to the accomplishment of the enterprise, they got at it; and after, by the blessing of God, their distance broken, bleeding hearts, and see honor and their unbounded confidence in the success of their views, and, to crown the whole, where no there have been instances, we know, where no rock rocky bed to be worn through, and varying in course to nearly every point of the compass—the general stability of the country, and the want of a convenient market, they determined on making a trial; and accordingly in the summer of 1818, commenced operations in the immediate vicinity of Mauch Chunk.

From that time to the present, the town, under the auspices of these gentlemen and their associates, has grown to be a place of considerable importance, and continued to increase until it has justly acquired the character of an active business place, as well as become the favorite resort of the wealth and fashion of the adjacent towns and cities. But the improvements of the town have by no means marked by the progress and limited by the extent of the coal trade which has been carried on from

* For an interesting narrative of the discovery of the application of this coal to the purposes of fuel, see a paper by Mr. James, of Philadelphia, in the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

ANSWER TO A PARODY.

In connexion of some pieces in the Post, dated May 4, which I considered as derogatory to the female character, being sent of a spirit of satire, I have taken the liberty to send you the following for insertion.

"O, woe! you're all a floating show,
For our amusement given."
Your satire and wit you have little, we know,
Though at our will they excite and flow,
We treat no sun in scorn.

The setting world is with you plume
Fades like the hues of rose;
The sunk of kindness you assume,
But flashy lights your eye disclose.
There's not one good in seven.

Poor wonderers through life's changing day!
Fresh flowers for you we'll never bloom,
Awhile we fill the hours away,
And when you're gone, we'll say,
"Good by, your child is given."

VARIATIONS OF THE LAST VERSE.

Poor creatures, we'll not waste a tear,
In our way.
By sudden you're driven
We light your darkness with a ray—
A ray of kindness given.
"Go, wonder! you've forgiven.

Chambersburg, May 25. F. L.

From the Book of Nature.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The study diffusion of a taste for the study of Natural History in the country, is extremely gratifying. It is a delightful employment for the mind, and is friendly to the Author of nature. Nature is infinitely diversified, per and, indeed, in the same place at the time, and under the circumstances, which we have to call it creation. A thing is perfect in its harmonies, of which the parts are so connected, and with each other, that no one can be altered, but that which thing the are, the land, and the air mix one with the other, and the whole is so full of life and profound—offers a field of contemplation which the mind of man is not able to exhaust. Every species of and it has the advantage over every other subject of study, it is accessible to all classes of men. The sons and acquaintances that present themselves when we go into the field, or ramble in the grove.

It has these further advantages, that the study, in a sense of health, and a cultivation, that the deserts are quite as interesting as the whole; that the subjects are not far removed from us, and that they are not so perfect in all their parts, and so wonderful in the use of their parts, as to be out of the reach of discussions. The little grass mouse that is as a pet's nest, and that will run up the stalk of wheat, that makes a lovely visible speck upon a leaf, is as perfect, and as much the work of God, as the elephant, the oak that rises majestically over the forest, and requires the efforts of many men to encircle the trunk. The sphinx, that scarcely crumples the petals of the flower on which it alights, and the bee render a drop of water turbid, are as equally complete, and as much the subjects of admiration, as the lion or the elephant. Of the sphinx, nine distinct species are found in the United States during the summer, and yet each produces a numerous progeny; and many of the species produce more than one generation in the course of the year.

In order to understand the subject, we must, indeed, study the small as well as the great; we must examine insects with as much attention as we do animals. We must see the moss-grown and minute caterpillar we destroy as a nuisance. Nor does the utility depend on the size, the life, the habits, and the economy of the smallest creature, the lower colour with which we can point and the very tint with which we write, are all the productions of this nature.

In contemplating the structure of any plant or animal, however common, and however on that account overlooked or disregarded, we may find most exquisite forms of mechanical art, and many processes in chemistry, that far surpass the efforts of the most ingenious human mind. That the vegetable principle in an acorn should be able to select from the surrounding earth, the dark and bitter and coarse and acrimony and unsalted enough to rear the tree in the air against the violence and few investments have been made to the erection of houses and business establishments, in the anticipation of the future. The houses and shops have all been constructed to accommodate the immediate existence of a laboring community, and with less regard to taste and elegance than convenience and economy. With the exception of a few handsome and well built houses on the bank, which are plain but spacious stone buildings, they are generally small, having two rooms on a floor, and two stories high. Some of them are constructed with much taste, and which gives them a very uniform and neat appearance.

The town now contains about one hundred and fifty dwellings and shops of every description, and supports a respectable population of one thousand inhabitants. It has a place of public worship, a school house, and a few of which are taught by ladies and two by females; a resident physician, and a printing office, two stores and one tavern. There are four daily arrivals and departures of the mail by stages—one from the city of Philadelphia, and three from different parts of the country. In addition to the usual trades prosecuted in country towns and villages, this place supports an iron foundry, a machine shop, a rail way cars and other cars, and wrought iron machinery, and a cast steel axe manufactory; and although it has existed but about one hundred and fifty built builders, as years and carpenters. The whole number of men employed in the various branches of the coal trade of Mauch Chunk, at the present time, is from one hundred and seventy to two hundred.

The establishments of the Company's establishment include the village at the great coal quarry or Summit Hill, and the village of Nesquehoning, in the valley of the same name, near the coal mines recently opened at Room Run, and the village of Mauch Chunk, at the landing terminating on the Lehigh at Mauch Chunk, has been completed. These dependencies are employment to about three hundred men, principally miners, which together with their families, will constitute an aggregate population of two thousand souls for Mauch Chunk and its vicinity.

The Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company have at their command a large number of cars, and an ordinary enterprise for more than fourteen years, and at an expenditure of two millions and a half of dollars, brought to a conclusion their magnificent scheme of improvement, and are now prepared to meet with a supply of coal the increasing demand of the markets. With their accustomed liberality, they have thrown open to the public a portion of their property as a pleasure ground, and have already collected a large proportion of the town plot of Mauch Chunk, which is romantic and beautiful in its location, and private purposes, have been constructed with much taste and judgment, with great spirit and activity.

Viewing the various advantages which this place presents to individual enterprise as well as combined capital, and looking to the rapid progress which has attended it, we feel fully entertained that it will shortly exhibit a scene of business and prosperity which may become a flourishing and populous town.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

SONG.—DRINK TO ME.

When in the crowded festive hall,
The clamor of the noisy rout,
And thrilling words in softness fall
From lovely lips, I hear a shout;
When sparkling to the brim with wine,
The golden cup is flowing round,
The banquet's withering draught is thine,
And high thy heaven's growing—then
I call not thee my love again,
For drink to me.

But when thy spirit's steeped in softness,
Still dulcet thoughts of peace and love;
And not a ray of light or gladness,
Breaks o'er thy heart to disapprove;
When wreathing mouth in weight of woes:
In sorrow thy every feeling—then
The sunken eye I seek with thine,
And drink to me.

For if the guilty grasp around,
One thought of love to me would stay,
Confused amid the scene of sound,
Thou'd be far over thence away.
But when in solitude's dark misery,
The weary heart is stricken—then
Thou'rt nearest the better shrine,
Thou is like to thee given—then
Let high the cup, a faithful friend,
And drink to me.

ZERAH.

TALE OF A CONJURER

I'm persuaded when you glance over the supernatural we add the following from "Champs Elysees," a new work of publication.

"Sir Patrick presented some jewels of value to his bride; and when she had admired them and thanked him, he drew forth a small casket, and said, I have one ornament still to make you, of more value than all these, and which I shall give you when you have received: it has been the most cherished of our possessions, and descended to me from my ancestors. It always for the hand of our house to his bride and received as the most precious gift we can offer. Some superstitious ends, which I forget or forbear to tell you, are connected with the jewel, and I know you'll use it." The case contained a most curious piece of workmanship. It was a perfect model of a precious stones and large pearls interspersed; the workmanship, however, was of the most exquisite kind, and which were glass, on the breath the beauty and all the colors of which were displayed, expanded, and vanished, though looked on. The casket accompanied him in all his travels, and was preserved during the Revolution, and successive been increased with secret treasures of value. In leaving Scotland, he always left well received, and Lady Lynch, who was very beautiful, almost adored him for the gift. In Germany they remained some months at Paris; and among the persons who frequented their house was a young Italian abbe, who was somewhat clever and accomplished, but of a character not to be trusted. I have where every thing was to be found, and to point where every thing was, and who they were. He occasionally alone when a few was to be gone [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] short, he began by cleaning, and ended by being necessary to all the family. In leaving Paris on account of vacancy, very unusual to her fair fame! "Ah, Mr. Abbe, and ah, my dear Lady Lynch, and many more was which discussed me more than I can describe. My beautiful casket was left in the care of a valet, where the glass in that side has been broken, and it is true." I, indeed, have not seen it since, but you may said; I cannot learn how it has gone—and how can I look for it? Sir Patrick, what is to be done?" "He returns from Versailles the day after tomorrow, and will be here at 10 o'clock. I do not wish to be present, and reply to the police, in the hope I may find it without." Sir Patrick hastened to the police. "Have you found my casket? What shall I do?" The abbe expressed his satisfaction that it was recovered, and that he had found the affair with great readiness, though he had only two days to discover it by the search on the first he was to proceed to Italy on affairs of the greatest moment. He assured Lady Lynch, that if the jewels were still in Paris, he thought he should succeed—Monsieur Lady Lynch was greatly surprised at the end the secrecy she felt that the money might be restored to her. The next day, the abbe presented them with magnificence who are eager not lose to make a [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

uttered a loud shriek, and fainted. In the confusion that ensued, and during the convulsion which she underwent for some hours afterwards, the attendants knew not what to attribute her strange disorder. Sir Patrick sought for the letter which she had received at the time, and found only a blank cover, containing a small strip of parchment, on which Anastasia had written the first letter of her baptismal name at the request of the sorcerer! Lady Lynch's complaint did not decrease, though her senses returned. The attendance of the most skilful physicians was of no avail; and though when her agitation subsided, a quickened pulse and feverish excitement were the only symptoms of malady that could be detected, she gradually sunk, and on the 6th evening from that on which the explanation took place with Sir Patrick, she raised her head from the pillow, and pointing to the dial of a clock which stood opposite to the foot of her bed, she sank back and expired!"

JOEL CLOUGH'S TRIAL.

We last week gave to our readers the evidence in the trial of Joel Clough, for the murder of Mrs. Hamilton. We now present the conclusion.

The cause, on the part of the prisoner, was summed up with great energy, eloquence and zeal by Messrs. Hazelhurst and D. P. Brown, Esquires, the former in a speech of two, and the latter of more than three hours, in which every effort of reason, pathos and argument, was used to convince the Jury of the insanity of the defendant, and to make an appeal to them of the justice of his acquittal, on the ground that he was at the time labouring under an aberration of mind. The cause, on behalf of the State was summed up by J. W. Scott and S. L. Southard, Esquires, with that masterly eloquence, energy, power, and sublimity of reasoning and of pathos, for which they are so eminently distinguished; the former in a speech of about two hours, and the latter concluding in a speech of about four hours, during the delivery of which the question of the prisoner's insanity was met and overcome with skill, learning, law, and talent, which completely broke down this barrier of defence, and carried conviction to almost every mind that the murder was the effect of premeditated purpose, growing out of disappointed, unrequited and despised love, and jealousy, which prepared the prisoner's mind for the commission of the horrid crime. While delivering these powerful addresses to the Court and Jury, the learned counsel were several times overcome with their own feelings so completely that tears "denied their utterance," and which communicated to almost all around, the prisoner covering his face, and appearing to agonize his very soul.

The counsel were followed by Chief Justice Hornblower, in the following excellent

CHARGE TO THE JURY.

Gentlemen:—After a severe, close, and painful investigation of this cause, for several days, we have reached that point where the labours and responsibilities of counsel have terminated, and where it becomes my duty to explain to you the rules and principles of the law, so far as the guilt or innocence of the prisoner is connected with, or dependant upon, those rules and principles.

Soon the fate of the prisoner will be committed to your hands: and upon your verdict hangs the issue of life and death. His mortal, and so far as human actions can influence our future condition, it may be his immortal and eternal destinies are to be irrevocably fixed by your decision. Not, gentlemen, that either you or the court have any power, except incidentally, over the life or death of the prisoner. You and I are delegated with no such authority. We have been selected to perform another and a specific, though I admit, a solemn duty, namely: to ascertain the guilt or innocence of the prisoner: and there our duty and our power terminates, so far as we are responsible. The law makes no appeal to our judgment, on the expediency of the punishment it annexes to crime; nor to our religious views or feelings, on the moral fitness or legality of that punishment. What follows your decision, whether it be innocent or guilty, is the act and judgment of the law, and not ours.

The privations and confinement you have suffered, and so patiently endured—the fixed and untiring attention you have paid to the evidence and the arguments of counsel, are, I am sure, a sufficient pledge to the country and to the prisoner, that your verdict, whatever it may be, will be the result of your conscientious judgments—the honest convictions of your minds; the true answer of your consciences in the sight of God, and not the expression of prejudice or excitement, on the one hand, or of the unresisted and controling influence of sympathy and compassion on the other.

There is danger, gentlemen, that the claims of justice may be overlooked and left to suffer, amid the conflict of contending passions, alike honourable to our nature, and yet alike dangerous to our duty. The cry of murder—the death struggles of the dying victim—the reeking dirk and the garments rolled in blood, are well calculated to rouse our feelings and fill our souls with a holy indignation against the perpetrator. Instinctively, almost, we wish to see the glittering sword of justice strike the avenging blow, and vindicate her cause. 'Tis right we thus should feel; and men we should not be, if we could look, unmoved, on crime like that with which the prisoner stands charged. But we must guard against these emotions when we enter the sanctuary of justice, when in the character of judges or jurors. We are not, indeed, to banish them from our bosoms; but we must take care that we do not transfer our righteous indignation, at the crime, to the accused, and thus deny him the benefit of our sober reason and our powers of discrimination.

So, on the other hand, sympathy for the accused—tender and compassionate feelings towards a distressed, perhaps an innocent, or at least unfortunate man, standing in the attitude of the prisoner at the bar, is laudable—nay, an honorable attribute of our nature. But here again we must take care, that we do not suffer our humanity to degenerate into weakness, and deny to justice and the majesty of the laws their just claims.

If, however, gentlemen, you err at all, let it be ... [illegible]

[illegible]

THE PRESIDENT AND THE INDIANS.

The editor of the Baltimore Republican has been obligingly favoured with a copy of the following parting address of the President of the United States, delivered yesterday morning, to which the Prophet made a reply, a copy of which follows the address.

Black Hawk and his party were introduced to the President, who addressed them as follows:

"My Children: When I saw you in Washington, I told you that you had behaved very badly, in raising the tomahawk against the white people, and killing men, women and children upon the frontier. Your conduct last year compelled me to send my warriors against you, and your people were defeated with great loss, and your men surrendered, to be kept until I should be satisfied, that you would not try to do any more injury. I told you I should inquire whether your people wished you should return, and whether, if you did return, there would be any danger to the frontier. General Clark and General Atkinson, whom you know, have informed me that the Sheokak, your principal chief, and the rest of your people are anxious you should return, and Keokuk has asked me to send you back. Your chiefs have pledged themselves for your good conduct, and I have given directions that you should be taken to your own country.

"Major Garland, who is with you, will conduct you through some of our towns. You will see the strength of the white people. You will see, that our young men are as numerous as the leaves in the woods. What can you do against us? You may kill a few women and children, but such a force would be soon sent against you, as would destroy your whole tribe. Let the red men hunt and take care of their families, but I hope that they will not again raise their hands against their white brethren. We do not wish to injure you. We desire your prosperity and improvement. But if you again plunge your knives into the breasts of our people, I shall send a force, which will severely punish you for all your cruelties.

"When you go back, listen to the counsels of Keokuk and the other friendly chiefs. Bury the tomahawk, and live in peace with the frontiers. And I pray the Great Spirit to give you a smooth path and fair sky to return."

To this the Prophet and the other answered:

"My Father: My ears are open to your words. I am glad to hear them. I am glad to go back to my people. I want to see my family. I did not behave well last summer. I ought not to have taken up the tomahawk. But my people have suffered a great deal. When I get back, I will remember your words. I wont go to war again. I will live in peace. I shall hold you by the hand."

National Temperance Convention.—The remarkable doings of the National Temperance Convention, lately convened at Philadelphia, in declaring that "traffic in ardent spirits is a moral wrong," has, in the opinion of the Pennsylvanian, "broke up the united organization of the temperance people throughout the country. The success of the cause must depend hereafter on separate action and individual efforts. We feel persuaded, however, that this will produce the best and most lasting reform in the use of spirituous liquors."

"The declaration," says the Pennsylvanian, "by the first great National Temperance Convention of the United States, that 'traffic in ardent spirits is a moral wrong,' necessarily inculpates in the same criminality all those persons, trades, occupations and callings in any degree connected with the manufacture, sale, importation, or exportation of the article. This sweeping declaration includes probably one half of the population ... [illegible]

[illegible]

MAYOR'S OFFICE—Tuesday, June 11.

Passing Counterfeit Money.—Caleb Harman, a black man, was brought before the Mayor, charged with passing a quantity of counterfeit money on the Bank of Delaware, knowing it to be counterfeit. Upon evidence, it appeared that Harman, in company with another of his own color, went into the Fulton House, and called for some refreshments—to pay for which, he presented a three dollar bill on the Bank of Delaware, at Wilmington. The bar-keeper said at once, the note was counterfeit, and cautioned him not to offer it again. They left the tavern, crossing Water street, entered the clothing store of Samuel Rose, and made a bargain for thirteen dollars worth of clothes, and handed Mr. R. five three dollar notes on the above Bank. They were sent to a Broker, who pronounced them counterfeit, all. They were accordingly arrested, and ordered to find bail in the sum of $500, to appear at Court, and answer the charge.

A Gig made by a Blind Man.—At the paint shop of Messrs. Harris & Clement, in this village, we recently saw a gig, the wood-work of which was made throughout by a man who is entirely blind. The workmanship of this vehicle, to be sure, would not compare with that of some which stood near it, but we have seen much worse from persons who possessed the keenest vision. The father of this unfortunate individual has informed us that he is exceedingly patient, and discovers considerable ingenuity in the manufacture of various articles; that within a year or two, without any assistance, he has shingled a common sized barn, and made the doors; most of the shingles he laid in the evening. He can tell whether it is night or day, but cannot distinguish objects. His name is Chase, and he resides in Wendell, an adjoining town.—New Hampshire Gazette.

Fatal Accident.—On Wednesday last, as the mail stage was passing from Walton to Delhi, about six miles south of the latter place, the horses took fright and became unmanageable, and after running a short distance, in passing a sluice-way, the driver, Mr. Robert Scott, a worthy citizen, was thrown from the box and instantly killed by the wheels passing over his head. In the stage were four men, one woman, and a child. Mr. Wm. M'Clean, of Hamden, in attempting to save himself by jumping from the stage, fractured one of his legs so badly that it was found necessary to amputate it the same evening. The other passengers remained in the carriage; which, in this as in nearly all similar instances, proved the most prudent course. The horses, after running about two miles and a half, over a rough road, became fatigued and stopped of their own accord, without having occasioned any further injury.—Albany Argus.

Another battle was fought near Scudders, in Forsyth county, (Geo.) on the 7th ult. between twenty-five or thirty Indians, and twelve or fourteen white men, similar to the one which took place there, on the 29th April last. The Indians attacked with sticks, clubs and rocks, and the assailed defended themselves with their mining tools. One white man had his arm broken in two places, and six or seven Indians were dangerously wounded. The whites retained possession of the lot, the holding of which gave rise to the controversy.

The New Orleans Bulletin of May 27, in allusion to the destruction of the steamboat Lioness, and ... [illegible]

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.

TWELVE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival at New York of the packet ship York, Capt. Nye, London papers to the 11th and Portsmouth to the 13th of May, have been received by our New York correspondents. The most important intelligence will be found subjoined.

Meeting of the West India Interest.—The meeting held on the 8th of May, at the Thatched House, of the proprietors of West India property, was very large. Among those present were Earl Harewood Lords Chandos and St. Vincent, &c. A long discussion took place, but with strictly closed doors to those not connected with the Colonies. The result was that, as the measure of Government was not yet communicated to the Deputation, Government be called upon not to bring the subject before the House of Commons on the 13th, as at present arranged; as, in the event of the West India Interest receiving the proposals of the Colonial Department, no time for consideration would be given.

The Influenza had spread in all parts of England.

Sir John C. Hobhouse has resigned the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, and his seat in Parliament, feeling that if he retained it he must vote against ministers for the repeal of the house and window duties.

In the House of Commons on the 30th ult. Mr. John Vey, in pursuance of notice, moved the repeal of the house and window taxes. The motion was opposed by Lord Althorp, who declared that their repeal would compel ministers to resign, and after considerable debate was negatived by the following vote:—For the motion 157; Against it 355; Majority 198.

The Quakers and Moravian's affirmation bill is ordered to be brought in by Lord Morpeth, Dr. Lushington and the Solicitor General.

The general registry bill is to be brought in by Mr. W. Brougham and the Solicitor General.

Mr. Charles Buller gave notice of a motion for the 17th, on going into Committee of Supply, "to move resolutions declaring the necessity of immediate and extensive reductions in all departments of the public service."

Antwerp, May 7.—Letters from the Hague say that a very active correspondence is going on between the Dutch Cabinet and that of St. Petersburg, and that Prince Albert of Prussia seems to be the channel through which the correspondence is carried on. King William, notwithstanding all the losses that he has sustained during the last two years, is still expending large sums to increase his army and navy; so that it is to be supposed that he receives money from Russia.

It is affirmed that Russia has sent troops towards Riga, where 25,000 men were said to be assembled, for the purpose of being brought to the mouth of the Texil, if England and France should think of recommencing war against Holland.—Antwerp Journal, May 8.

Accounts have been received from Oporto to the end of April, by the brig Roynles, which left the Douro on the 1st inst. The contending armies had not engaged since the attack on Monte de Covello, on the 9th of April, and the firing from Miguel's batteries upon the city had in a great measure ceased. Though these accounts do not furnish us with any additional particulars respecting the operations of the Liberating army, they afford a curious insight into the intrigues carried on in Don Pedro's court. It appears that the Minister of Justice, Joaquim Antonio Magalhaens, entertained the project of displacing Marshal Salignac, from the moment of his appointment to the command of the Liberating army, and that he suborned the Marshal's Secretary to deliver up his private correspondence with the view of being able to found upon it a charge of having sacrificed the interests of the young Queen to views of England and France.

The Marshal, on discovering the plot, was justly indignant at such baseness, and tendered his resignation; but at the entreaty of Don Pedro and of the other ministers, who were fully sensible of the value of the Marshal's services, the latter consented to continue his command, and Magalhaens was instantly dismissed from office. The enemies of the Marshal, who had assisted in the plot against him, are represented to be paralysed by the prompt measures taken by Don Pedro against their leader, and to have ceased their machinations. The editor of the Chronica, who had republished some strictures upon the Marshal from a Lisbon publication, was very summarily dealt with. He was immediately imprisoned for inserting the libellous article, and the editorship of the paper has been entrusted to four commissioners.

The intelligence contained in these advices respecting the position of affairs at Oporto, is very favorable to the constitutional cause, as far as relates to their operation on land. The number of deserters from Don Miguel's army is stated to be increasing daily, and considerable reinforcements had been received. Don Miguel's army is represented to be greatly disorganized, and it was considered advisable that he should visit the camp, that his presence might revive the drooping spirits of his soldiers. He accordingly reviewed the besieging army on the 20th April, and the two brothers were in sight of each other during the day. Considerable quantities of supplies have been landed from the vessels in the roads, and offensive operations are said to be shortly contemplated by Marshal Solignac.

[illegible]

... between the Sublime Porte and the rebellious Pacha of Egypt, is confirmed. On this subject the editor of the London Courier remarks:—

"The French journals of Sunday confirm the intelligence received yesterday of the conclusion of peace between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali, which will confer on the latter the sovereignty of the whole of Syria in addition to the pachalics with which he was previously invested. Ibrahim Pacha, it is stated, had in the meantime, consented to evacuate Asia Minor."

"The Russian troops which were advancing upon Constantinople from the principalities are stated to have received orders from the Porte to suspend their marches. The Messenger asserts that Russia speaks of indemnity for the expense of sending troops to the assistance of the Porte, and proposes to leave 12,000 troops in the Sultan's dominions until the final settlement of the affairs of the East."

"The Divan positively refused to agree to the cession of Adana, and a courier was to be despatched on the 11th in the evening, with this decision, which was powerfully supported by a letter from Admiral Roussin. The Porte had addressed to M. Boutenieff a request that the Russian troops and fleet might remain in their positions till the arrival of the answer from Kiutakia."

Accounts from Constantinople of the 16th, mention the arrival of M. de Varennes in that city; and the general opinion that peace might be considered as good as concluded.

The following items are from the Globe of May 9th:—

Vienna, April 27.—The accounts received to-day by express from Constantinople, are of the 14th April. They announce that despatches from Kiutakia had brought Ibrahim's answer, accepting the proposal of the Porte to accede Syria, Damascus and Aleppo, but demanding besides Adanam and Caramania, on which he would commence his march homewards.

The influenza has prevailed here in a very extensive degree for these ten or twelve days, and 30 or 40,000 persons have been attacked. It does not seem dangerous, most of the patients recovering in a few days.—Allgemeine Zeitung, May 2d and 3d.

THE MARKETS.

Carefully corrected for this paper.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl fresh from wagons,	$5 00
RYE do. do. do.	3 50
WHEAT, per bushel,	1 40
RYE do.	80
CORN, per bushel,	[illegible]
CLOVER SEED, per bushel,	none
TIMOTHY SEED, do.	none
HERD do. do.	65
BARLEY, Good, do.	1
FLAXSEED, do.	40
OATS, from wagons, do.	28
WHISKEY, do. per gallon, in hhds.	28
Do. do. do. in bbls.	29
COTTON, per lb.	11
BUTTER, No. 1, in kegs, per lb.	11
EGGS, per dozen,	13
SALT, Ground, per bushel,	65
do. fine do.	[illegible]
LARD, per lb. Western,	7
TALLOW, do.	9
FRESH BEEF,	10
HAMS, Western, per lb.	8
BACON, do. do.	6
BEESWAX, do.	19
LINSEED OIL, do.	[illegible]
FEATHERS, do.	40
COMMON WOOL, washed,	22 to 31
HIDES, Rio Grande and La Plata, per lb.	17 to 18
LEATHER, SOLE,	22 to 24
LUMBER—White Pine boards, per 1000 ft.	$15 to 20
Yellow Pine,	13 to 16
Oak, joice,	11 to 12
Hemlock, do.	8 to 1
Shingles,	16 to 22

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by ... Stock and Exchange Brokers ...

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 11, 1833.

[illegible]

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, June 15, 1833.

☞ The subscribers to this paper, who are a year or more in arrears, are requested to make early settlement, by paying as far in advance as they are in arrears, or such conclusion of advance price said to be received in advance is compliance with the general terms will be expected.

The Chalons has appeared in several places in the southern and western portions of the country. Near New Orleans, at Winchang, at Maysville, at Natchez, &c., it has made some progress. Efficient means are being everywhere adopted to extend its circulation.

It is not a pleasant task to mix at post-office shows, but it is sometimes a necessity one. We have borne grievances, in this respect, and forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. Within a few days past, we have received complaints from towns almost only at a short distance from this city, of the irregular arrival of the Evening Post under the new arrangements. From Trenton, Bordentown, (N. J.) and from Yeaxville's, in the same state only a few miles above Trenton, we have had notice that our papers do not reach their destination in due time for week, and sometimes not in ten days, after their date, while the Saturday Evening Post is often heard on the day following their publication. From towns in the vicinity of these mentioned, similar complaints have been made to us.

Now, where is the fault? The packets are done up with the utmost care, and leave this office for the mail at last week. We know that the mail is made up at least in as some of the post-offices between Philadelphia and the places alluded to. We have also received a notification from the Post Master at Mines, (Pa.) saying that the Post has been regularly received there since the 27th of April, and that when the bundle arrives, half of the papers are gone, for which we are charged with carelessness.

These things are insufferable. There must be reasonable negligence or turpitude somewhere, and we are anxious to ferret it out. We are subject to great expense and serious inconvenience from the wicked inattention or theft one of the two crimes it must be. We have measures in train to satisfy ourselves whether of the two it is, and where the change can be made. We are determined not to relax in this matter, until our own and our subscribers' rights are properly protected.

The approach of warm weather brings with it those admonitions as to precautionary measures respecting the Cholera, ought to be heeded seriously and without delay. The diet which the experience of the public and the knowledge of medical gentlemen have proved most salutary should be strictly adhered to by people and none food, that is found to be best adapted for the human stomach, in periods when the general health is likely to be disordered and impaired by imprudence. The Board of Health, of this city, with an alacrity which reflects the highest credit upon its members, have adopted efficient means as to the four towns thoroughly inspected, and placed in a state of complete readiness to resist the progress of the Cholera, should it make its appearance here. In an epidemic against which, however, the strongest hopes are entertained. The City Hospital, at Bush Hill, has been amply provided with accommodations for the reception physicians have been appointed to their duties, and every means employed which the season and experience would seem to demand.

We cannot refrain from copying the last paragraphs in the address of our Board of Health to the people, and we would earnestly counsel strict obedience to the suggestions which they embrace:—

The Board take this opportunity of stating, that as soon as they receive authentic information of the existence of the disease in any part of the city or the districts, daily reports of the same will be issued. They therefore most earnestly request the fellow citizens to give no credence to any unauthorized statements of the appearance.

In conclusion, the Board would impress upon the public, that the efficiency of the precautionary means will depend in no slight degree on their co-operation with proper exertions in every individual family; and sincerely it is therefore hoped, that the strictest attention be paid to cleanliness, and to ventilation, by the removal of all offensive matters, and by a free use of whitewash and lime.

R. E. GRIFFITH, M. D. President.
HENRY D. SCHMIDT, Secretary.

We have been led to admire the neat and tasteful manner in which the books issued from the store enterprising publisher, Messrs. Key and Biddle, are executed. The typography, and the paper and binding are in the most unexceptionable style. If these gentlemen continue to issue their works thus carefully, they will deserve the unstinted support which they have already acquired among the trade.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Doughty's Cabinet of Natural History, of which the eleventh number of the second volume is now before us, continues to maintain the high character which it has long since acquired. Near the close of the first volume, the publisher complained that his work was misbinding for the want of a few more subscriptions. We hope the appeal which he then made was answered by an increase of subscribers. It would be a shame if such a work should be suffered to languish, tied to interest and insecure the rural sportsman—established mainly with two or more beautiful colored engravings—should be permitted to expire.

GERMANTOWN'S PERSONAL LIBRARY.—We are happy to learn that a steadily increasing patronage is rewarding the exertions of the publisher of that truly valuable work. The sixth number, now before us, will complete the Journey through France and Italy, by the late Hezekiah Howard. It is a work of great interest and superior merit, and the whole is furnished at a price unique to the cost for handing a common volume.

THE RETREAT OF HEALTH AND DISEASE.—The preface asserts it to be the first elementary book on the subject of Hydrow ever published in this country. We should be willing to take issue with the last. The subjects treated by Dr. Belinaye are—the Salubrity of Man; a Physical Influences, the Laws of Perfection; Temperance, Exercise, and Sleep.

Those who have knowledge of the contents of this interesting volume, would lose no time in making an acquaintance with it. Its style is not only interesting, but highly interest to the human family, and especially entitled to attention of heads of families and the hands of families. Abo Mercury, Boston, are the publishers.

THE CHEVEUX'S MANUAL, GUIDE, form the same publishers, in a neat pocket volume, prepared from the London copy, by J. J. G. Smith, of Boston. The author has the child of the midwife's art, and he gives directions, in familiar language, to the mother, concerning symptoms and duties of the most common accidents to children. The work is not, however, the usual progress of many fatal infantile maladies before it even begins to obtain a physician. To families remote from towns it will be within the reach of medical assistance, a little manual will be found of immense value.

Messrs. Allen and Tuckey, of Boston, have just published "A Manual for the Ministry, comprising a practical essay on Affliction, and a Series of Meditations and Prayers for the use of the Sick," in a small, new, trouble, need, sickness, or any other adversity." The work proceeds from an able clergyman writer, the Rev. Mr. Hedge, of Bangor, Maine. The devotional poetry, which closes the volume, is which we compiled for it by Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, and has some very beautiful pieces. It is full of every feeling: some of the best are from the lovely pen of Mrs. Sigourney, and others from Bishop Doane himself to any of our cookery.

There has recently been issued, from the press of Messrs. Allen & Tuckner, of Boston, a "Natural History of the Fishes of Massachusetts, embracing a practical essay on Angling; by Jerdan V. Storer, Jr." The volume, which is beautifully executed, and published with many neat engravings, deserves notice, as the passing notice which are only entailed to it. We are glad that ichthyology is becoming a favorite science in this country; and that the lovers of the rod will be well rewarded for the time which they may devote to it. Izaak Walton will have an opportunity of being further enlightened, on a subject which lay so near the heart of that quaint old author. To such, the book in question may be very cordially recommended.

The Reception of the President in this city, on Saturday last, was a very imposing spectacle. The approach of the steamboats to the Navy Yard, with their crowded decks and decorated spars; the different craft displaying their varied flags on the rivers; the peopled masts and yards of the ships in the vicinity; the long array of civic and military columns; the thunders of the artillery; and the respectful feelings exhibited, very properly, by the people—all combined to produce a scene highly grateful to a truly American heart. We regret that the following particulars from the Sentinel of Monday morning, were not received in time:

The President of the United States left Baltimore on Saturday morning, in the steamboat Kensington, accompanied by Purser's Light Dragoons, with a numerous escort, composed of committees of arrangements and of the citizens generally, for the purpose of attending upon the President. On his arrival at Chesapeake City, while the troops were preparing to proceed on board the steamboat which will receive the President and suite were received into the Union, and escorted to the Delaware Railroad with which they were received by Governor Hamilton, and the Committee of Arrangements from the Town of Newcastle.

THE OLIO

Hands thus, sound and being with thee
Just and youthful Jollity!
Spare that wrinkled care divitios,
And laughter, holding both his sides.

LUSUS NATURÆ.

The story here revealed is probably familiar in a different guise, in many of our readers. It will bear telling again; particularly when enriched with the harmony of numbers. The chronicle from the New England Magazine.—*Gamaliel Gray.*

Wilson in Scotland, that prodigious city,
Where dwarfs assume the character of giants,
Were children's books, and men what we should pity,
Where dwelt rich adventurers and well-read clients,
And heroes of renown, no memories for my story,
Them lived, for years, a weary of science,
A stern philosopher, a man of parts,
A master of all languages and tongues.

He was a searcher for the hidden lore
Which buried lies beneath the dust of ages;
Long over many medals would he pore,
With homes all turned like an ancient sage's;
Poring them deeper than pore golden ore,
A fat to smelts, that banquet on old pages,
He lived quiet books, and ancient manuscripts,
And things that were above the common range.

Lusus Naturæ was to him as grass
A common, what was universal, was as mine,
To a gold seeker; as a new estate
To a young student, or some choice old wine
To him who sets at dinner rather late;
And, one by one these relics fell into his grasp,
Did he admire the "inscrutable boys"—
Monsters harmless seem to him at last.

One day, he lost in deep, forgetful study,
The Hector and—he heard a sudden cry!
And in stalked, as if he were lord of all,
Good-humored looking, jovial country clapp,
With capacious clothes, his head bald and bright,
Bright;
While on his head he never took his cap,
But snatching straightway to the Doctor's wife,
With staring gait and eyes of wondering gaze,

"Oh, Doctor! I have seen the strangest sight—
A man half black!" "A man half black!" quoth he,
Exclaimed the Doctor, trembling with delight,
"That strange, indeed, half black! I've often heard
Of individuals not wholly white—
A rare sight, to believe in one half black!
Half black!" "Yes, sir, he was, from head to foot,
As black—stubbed—as any chimney sweep!"

"Sit down, sir, if you please; I'll get my book"
Here the learned Theban on his table spread
A folio volume—he had a sudden eye!
With inks that colored were both black and red,
Then he might take his manuscript to see
In his according to what should be said
About the half black man! "Sir, I've not read
He quoth he dipped, and then began to think,

Or rather quit study—for his head was busy,
For—that's the page on which I'd turned it down,
Lusus Naturæ looked not on me more—
Albinos white, and negroes black as crows,
Rare colored hands, a monstrous hunchback—
Child with three eyes—but not half black I've seen,
Two heads humane are better—people times,
Here! that which before the Doctor stood in the scene.

"Here will I draw a line,—and on one side
I will describe the black, the half black part,
The other may be red"—just then he spied
The strange man and returning, with a start,
The doctor said, "Perhaps the man was dead!"
The stranger bid his hand and arm be shewn!
"Upon my honour, there is no deceit.
Half black, he truly was, in arm and feet."

"Was half his head black?" "Yes." "One arm black?" "Yes." "And his trunk?" "Yes." "Foot, ancle, wrist and hand?" "Yes."

"The spirit in Dorrith, neither more nor less—
It now before your eyes the sun should stand,
All covered in mist of being shown,
And through his countenance, coloured and blazed,
And through his body rays of light were thrown,
One half would be undeniably dark?"

"What, black by fire?" "Yes, by every atom!
His darkness could be felt." "The Doctor smiled!
For though a man of very learned pretence,
He loved a joke, would laugh, and be amused
At hour in merry wit, and could discourse
With decency and purity in his mood.
On some weak man a sudden joke to wrest—
The strangers watching for his decision like.

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And closing round with self-importance air,
Stood the red ink, that he might copy then,
The object he just up to now—
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The smart scholar, "and one half red with rage,
The hue of either half—white, red, or black"
"Why—that, sir, was as black as Egypt is."

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"Fifty dollars." "Fifty dollars for one dog! Why, How glad I am! That'll almost buy us a good bed—But who's the fortunate man?"

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To all great men there is great fear displayed,
The nothing every he has long been said;
To defend the country, long sacred as a ball,
And not even Shakspeare, the greatest bard of all.
For such service as these to be rewarded a pension,
Is no thing but what all I need a man acknowledge.
Such a man's gratitude is a debt of honor, on the heart,' she, "I shall be perfectly happy if you will get rid of yourself as well as from the society."

ANTIDOTE.—When Bonaparte d'Arbe d, the Master of French Grammar, was on his death-bed, a priest proposing some medicine as extinguishing fluid and serious illness, he said, "I am not in such a state to pass at our age we ought to rest from our labors." "Rest," replied Abbadie, "shall we not have all eternity to rest in?"

ECONOMY OF LIFE.—How small a portion of our life is it that we enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; and in age we are looking backwards to things that are gone; and in manhood, the present is generally too busy to be enjoyed. Happy are those who are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague anticipation to be rarely happy—so many flaws are there when we have time. When young we must experience and teach, and we must try before we can. Business is the error of youth, that of caution of age. Manhood is the interval between the two extremes; the ripe, the fertile season of action; when alone we can hope to find the head to conceive united with the hand to execute.

GRANDMA.—In Shakespeare's time all the world was a stage, and all the men and women merely players. In ours, all the world's a book, and all its population simply readers.

GERMAN CONFEDERATION OF ROBBERS.

The members were bound to the society by the most tremendous oaths, which they were strictly required to break, well knowing that an invisible dagger hung over their heads, which was sure to fall upon even on a suspicion of their treachery. A miserable wretch who had been taken by the police, and accused by lodged on a dungeon, once revealed, in the agonies of his terror, the mysterious sign of the cabal, the famous Pesard. The next night, while reflecting in horror that, even by his breaking his bail, perhaps some terrible scene with his life, he heard his name pronounced in a whisper, and looking up, saw the sign communicated to the iron bars of the window.

"Who are they?" he demanded the robber trembling.

"They traitor—Pesard; I have ventured my life, as in duty bound, to save you from the gallows." In a moment his irons were sawed off, and one of the bars wrenched from the window-grate, and, following his conductor, he scaled the walls, and scented the fire air of the neighbouring forest. The band were ready to receive them, drawn up in a semicircle, and standing under arms, in a dead silence. Their delivered comrade was placed in the middle.

"Swear!" growled the deep stern voice of the lieutenant, and the whole band, with a loud, resounding hurrah, swore. Pesard, all dazed at his escape, and the sight of his new companions, all clad every like a prolonged groan in the distance, and the band was instantly closed at the sound; and a bullet passing through his head, he fell a corpse amongst the feet of his comrades.

Another story is told at Aix-la-Chapelle, which does not at all resemble the above in the point of romance. A few young men of that city were enrolled as an association for the purpose of robbing the public, and whose inquisitive the movements of his chief, being determined on cut off during the night. The place to which his father had driven him, but of obtaining money was the chief thing, and the means indifferent. It is not known whether his workmen was owing to love or wine, or both together, that he became so privileged one evening, the secret of his destiny to the young man, who, on his return home, told it to his father.

"Father, you are the strangest sight—"

"Father, you are the strangest sight—"

A man half black!" "A man half black!" quoth he,

Exclaimed the Doctor, trembling with delight,

"That strange, indeed, half black! I've often heard

Of individuals not wholly white—

A rare sight, to believe in one half black!

Half black!" "Yes, sir, he was, from head to foot,

As black—stubbed—as any chimney sweep!"

"Sit down, sir, if you please; I'll get my book"

Here the learned Theban on his table spread

A folio volume—he had a sudden eye!

With inks that colored were both black and red,

Then he might take his manuscript to see

In his according to what should be said

About the half black man! "Sir, I've not read

He quoth he dipped, and then began to think,

Or rather quit study—for his head was busy,

For—that's the page on which I'd turned it down,

Lusus Naturæ look not on me more—

Albinos white, and negroes black as crows,

Rare colored hands, a monstrous hunchback—

Child with three eyes—but not half black I've seen,

Two heads humane are better—people times,

Here! that which before the Doctor stood in the scene.

"Here will I draw a line,—and on one side

I will describe the black, the half black part,

The other may be red"—just then he spied

The strange man and returning, with a start,

The doctor said, "Perhaps the man was dead!"

The stranger bid his hand and arm be shewn!

"Upon my honour, there is no deceit.

Half black, he truly was, in arm and feet."

"Was half his head black?" "Yes." "One arm black?" "Yes." "And his trunk?" "Yes." "Foot, ancle, wrist and hand?" "Yes."

"The spirit in Dorrith, neither more nor less—

It now before your eyes the sun should stand,

All covered in mist of being shown,

And through his countenance, coloured and blazed,

And through his body rays of light were thrown,

One half would be undeniably dark?"

"What, black by fire?" "Yes, by every atom!

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THE MAITRE SOLICOSY.

A modern alone.—Written in her hand. She sees of the passage "their medical lord" supercilious lunch" &c. She then soliloquizes.

It must be so! Milton, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or else this sense extended, this inward horror
Of dying unrecognised! Why shrinks the heart
Back on herself, and startles at nothing?
The reason, faithful reason stirs within us!
Tis nature's voice, and tells us what is future,
And intimates a husband to the sea.
Whence else these streaming eyes and anxious thought!
Then! what new and various change must we pass!
The narrow seas in progress run, and we
The shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.
Then I will be!—Heaven prompts the wish,
And that she does is plain from all her works.
She has given us reasoning, and shall we
For the great end of nature's law is thus.
Then I will be!—Heaven has given me wings!
Tis worry of these duties—the great shall end 'em.
I'm ready! I, I cannot rest on shores,
Pastors and bondage meet my thoughts at once.
Then I will be!—Heaven has given me wings!
But happiness shall from this second!
Die, coward, to die, and be no more!
Or else to live, and be a man!
Then I will be!—Heaven has given me wings!
Then I will be!—Heaven has given me wings!
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SHAKSPEARE LIBEL.—The father of the late Vice Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, was a man of a nervous disposition—most of your hair-brained, hot-headed men are so—and he was very much annoyed by the factions, who wished business done in a straightforward, sensible manner. He was a member of the Legislature of South Carolina, and was much annoyed by the factious opposition of some of the young hotchpotch collegians allotted to illustrate their native State. He was annoyed to such an end to such annoyances, and in replying one day, "Mr. Speaker" he was interrupted by one of these young gentlemen in his speeches with the Latin tongue, which, I suppose was of the same description as that which he spoke, and more than myself. I give the warning, therefore, if you don't stop your nonsense, and talk like a man, and then no one wonder he'll be able to understand me and not disturbing the House." Mr. Speaker and Mr. Calhoun—was him annoyed with learned quotations and allusions to the poets of the science, which was shortened by the reiteration.

CURIOUS RITE.—In the province of Andalusia, in Spain, it is the custom for the bride to be led to the altar by two of its waters, which are as yellow as roses. It is considered a great honor to be selected for this function. If a stone happens to fall in and rest upon the head of the bride, it is regarded as a most happy omen and congratulations. All the plants on its banks are also considered as possessing great virtue. No kind of verdure will come up where its water has been thrown, and the bride who is led to the altar by two of its waters rises in the Sierra Morena mountains, and in singular properties common until other rivers run into it and lose their virtue.

THE SNUFF CALLED "IRISH BLACK.

Lately Foot, the celebrated snuff manufacturer, some six and-twenty years ago, had his premises at Lisson-grove, in the Edgware Road, where he carried on a snuff-a duty in corpus. In preparing the snuffs, it was his custom to have a large copper, in which kiln was always in utter charge of a man appointed to tending the fire, and see that the snuff was not scorched. The man usually employed in this business, Larry Lynch, was a light fellow of the kind, disposed to get drunk over the "creature," (i. e. a little whiskey,) that he had always in his room for that purpose. Larry, one morning, after he had been at work for some hours, found the kiln will burning, and to get work by him, he thought he would have a drop of the right hand. Imagining the snuff quite spoiled, and going upon the principle of instantly burning, burning the shrunken of the sleeper with the crab he carried.

"Ah, by the powers, you're the very man I wanted, master, that ye be playing that game!" shouted the wounded Larry, as he sprung up and struck about under the influence of the other's walking-cane.

You informed me yourself," said Foot, in his own defence, "that the snuff was spoiled, and that nobody would buy it." "Spoil!" said my servant, leaving the snuff drawer open, "I'll be damned if Larry left the drawer open!" "Yes, you did," said Larry, "I remember it well." "Then you're a liar," said Foot, "and I'll be damned if I don't discharge you!" "Discharge me!" said Larry, "you can't discharge me, for I've left myself!" "Then you're a liar," said Foot, "and I'll be damned if I don't discharge you!" "Discharge me!" said Larry, "you can't discharge me, for I've left myself!"

"Stop! stop! will you now? sure you wouldn't be after going to cut and running away with the snuff? such a lucky dog, or so, may be," exclaimed Foot, trying to soften down.

"Yes, by the powers, I will, for you're the worst master, that ye be playing that game!" shouted the wounded Larry, as he sprung up and struck about under the influence of the other's walking-cane.

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